

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL
PSR **2**

DAVID

RAIMONDI

HENNESSY

REBER

MADROX™



2X THE THRILLS!
3X THE ADVENTURE!
4X THE MULTIPLE MAN ACTION!



...IT JUST
DOESN'T GET
MORE NOIR
THAN THIS.

LATE AT NIGHT IN A CITY CELEBRATED
FOR ITS CRIMINAL LEANINGS...IN THIS
CASE, CHICAGO. GUY GETTING ROUGHED UP.
SUDDENLY THE HERO SHOWS UP OUT OF NO-
WHERE TO SAVE THE DAY...OR, WHO KNOWS?

MAYBE HE'S GOING TO HELP
SMACK THE GUY AROUND.
IT'S NOIR, AFTER ALL. THE
GENRE OF LONG SHADOWS
AND MULTIPLE POSSIBILITIES.

AND IF THERE'S
ONE THING I'M
INTO,
IT'S MULTIPLE
POSSIBILITIES.

THE CHICAGO WHEEY

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"NWAR?"
WHAT THE HECK'S
"NWAR?"



HE'S REFERRING TO "FILM NOIR"--
A FRENCH TERM LITERALLY MEANING
"DARK FILM"--PERTAINING TO 1950'S
CRIME MOVIES NOTED FOR THEIR CYNICAL,
AMORAL CHARACTERS IN A SLEAZY
SETTING, PERVADED WITH A SENSE
OF HOPELESSNESS.



SHUT
UP.

OKAY.



HEY,
STRINGER.
BEEN A
WHILE.

MADROX!
AW, CRUD,
LIKE MY DAY
DOESN'T SUCK
ALREADY!



SO YOU'RE PALS
WITH STRINGER
HERE, HUH.

HOT FLASH: THIS
AIN'T NO MOVIE. BET A
SHOT IN THE STOMACH
MAKES YOU DOUBLE
OVER, TOO.



BET
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



HE HAD NO WAY
OF KNOWING,
OF COURSE.

EACH IMPACT JUST
CREATES MORE DUPLICATES
OF ME. THE QUESTION ISN'T
WHETHER THIS JOKER
IS SCREWED.

THE QUESTION IS, BY WHAT
MULTIPLE OF SCREWED IS
HE SCREWED?



STEP RIGHT UP. SIX FISTS, NO WAITING.

PART OF ME FEELS SORRY FOR THEM.

BUT IT'S A SMALL, USELESS PART. IGNORING IT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM.



WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING IN CHICAGO, MADROX?

LOOKING FOR YOU. LUCKY ME, THEY JUMPED YOU RIGHT NEARBY YOUR APARTM--



THOSE THUGS. LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO YOU. BRUTALIZING SUCH AN EXQUISITE FACE.

HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU HAVE A VERY SHAPELY MOUTH?

UHHH... MADROX. WHAT'S WITH THE, UH...?



NO CLUE.

IN DENIAL MUCH?

GREAT. JUST WHAT I NEED: TO START RUMORS ABOUT MYSELF.



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE, UH...

I'M NOT, BUT, Y'KNOW, EVERYBODY HAS SOME LITTLE BIT OF THAT...

I DON'T.



WHATEVER.

NEED YOUR HELP, STRINGER. NEED ACCESS TO THE TRIB'S ARCHIVES. AND I FIGURED YOU'RE THE REPORTER TO HELP ME.



FORGET IT, MADROX. LAST THING I NEED IS TO BE SEEN HANGIN' WITH A MUTANT.

STRINGER! YOU WOUND ME! OR COULD IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH...OH, I DUNNO...



...YOU BEING A MUTANT? HMMM?

I WONDER HOW MANY SUBJECTS WOULD TALK TO YOU IF THEY KNEW YOU COULD READ MINDS, HUH? NOT MANY, I'LL BET'CHA.

GEE. MAYBE YOU'D HAVE TO GIVE BACK YOUR PULITZER PRIZE.

I HATE YOU.



WE'LL GO TOMORROW MORNING.

GREAT. I'LL CRASH AT YOUR PLACE. STILL GOT THAT COMFY SOFA?

I REALLY HATE YOU.





MUTANT TOWN
ELSEWHERE IN
NEW YORK...

JAMIE,
WHAT'RE
Y'DOIN'?

PUTTING
IN NEW
GLASS.

DID'JA
NEED IT?

JUST
PLAYING IT
SAFE.

JAMIE, YOUR...
"ORIGINAL SELF"...SET
UP THIS DETECTIVE AGENCY.
SHOULDN'T Y'WAIT UNTIL HE
GETS BACK B'FORE MAKIN'
CHANGES?

"WAIT" IS
FOR WATCHERS,
RAHNE.

HOW'S THAT
SIGN COMING,
GUIDO?

ALLLLMOST
DONE.

THERE!
WHATTAYA THINK,
RAHNE?

I THINK IT'S
BACKWARDS.

HUH?

OPEN TH'
DOOR.

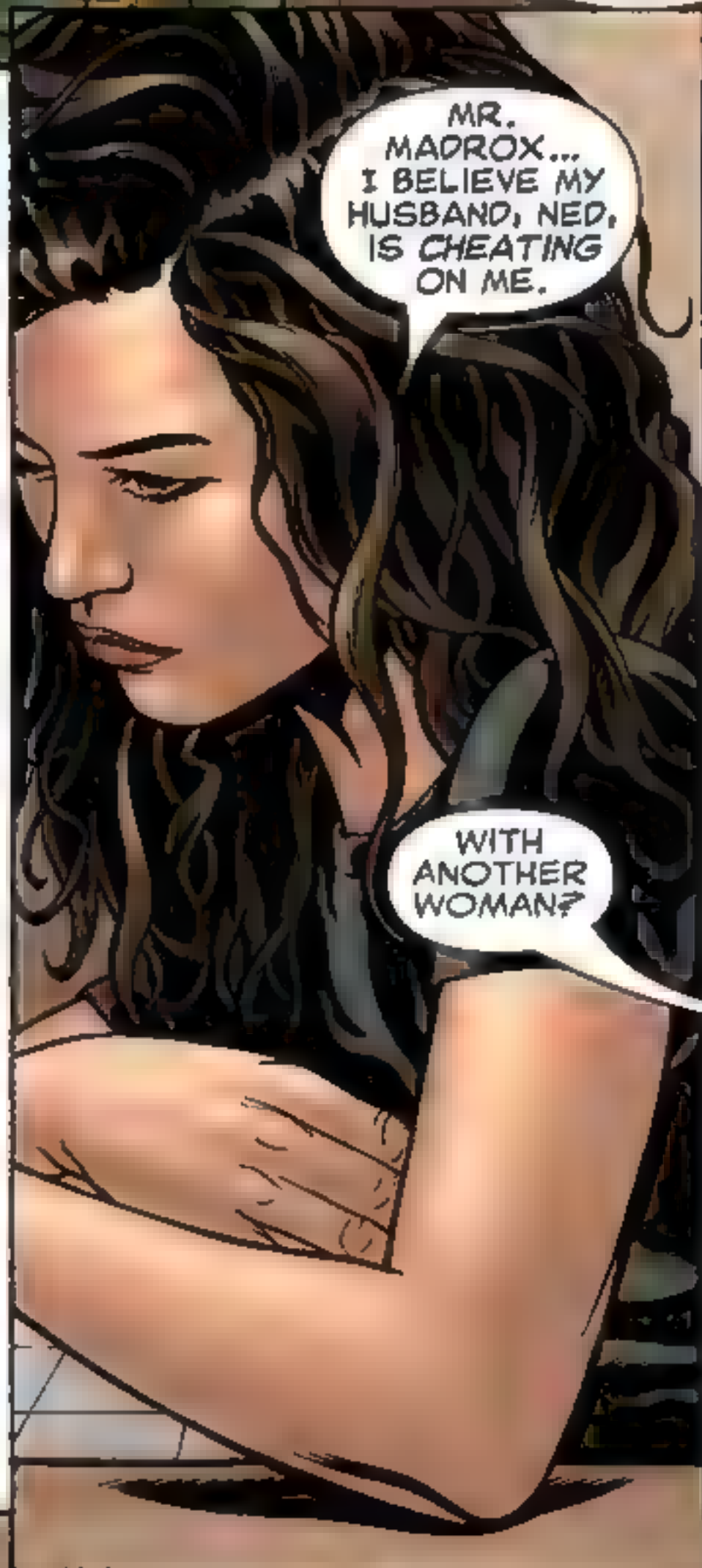
XXX
INVESTIGATIONS
JAMIE MADROX
PRESIDENT.

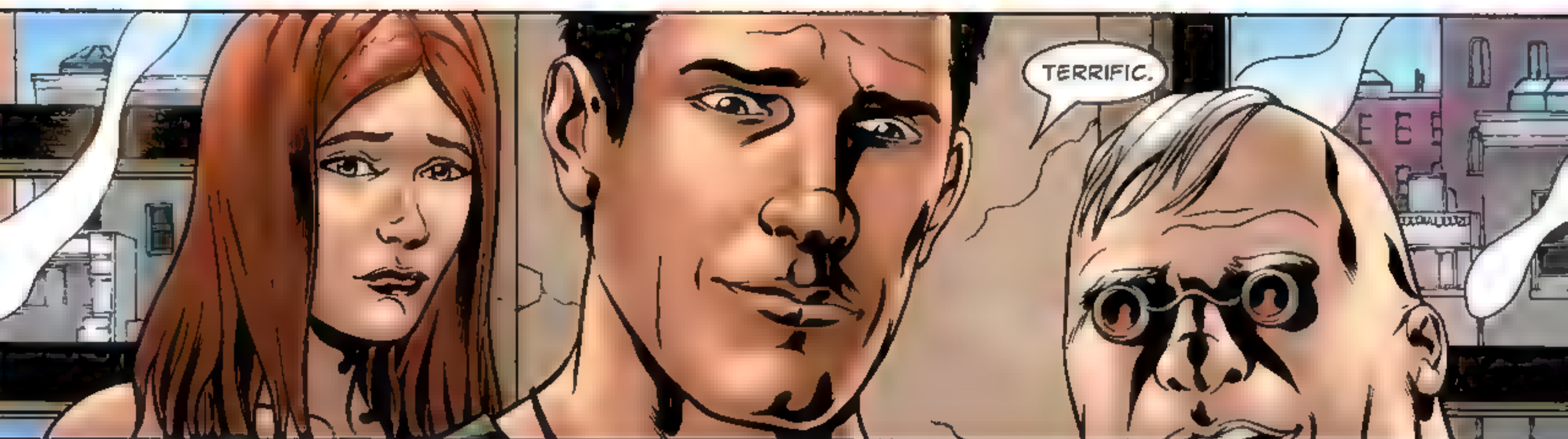
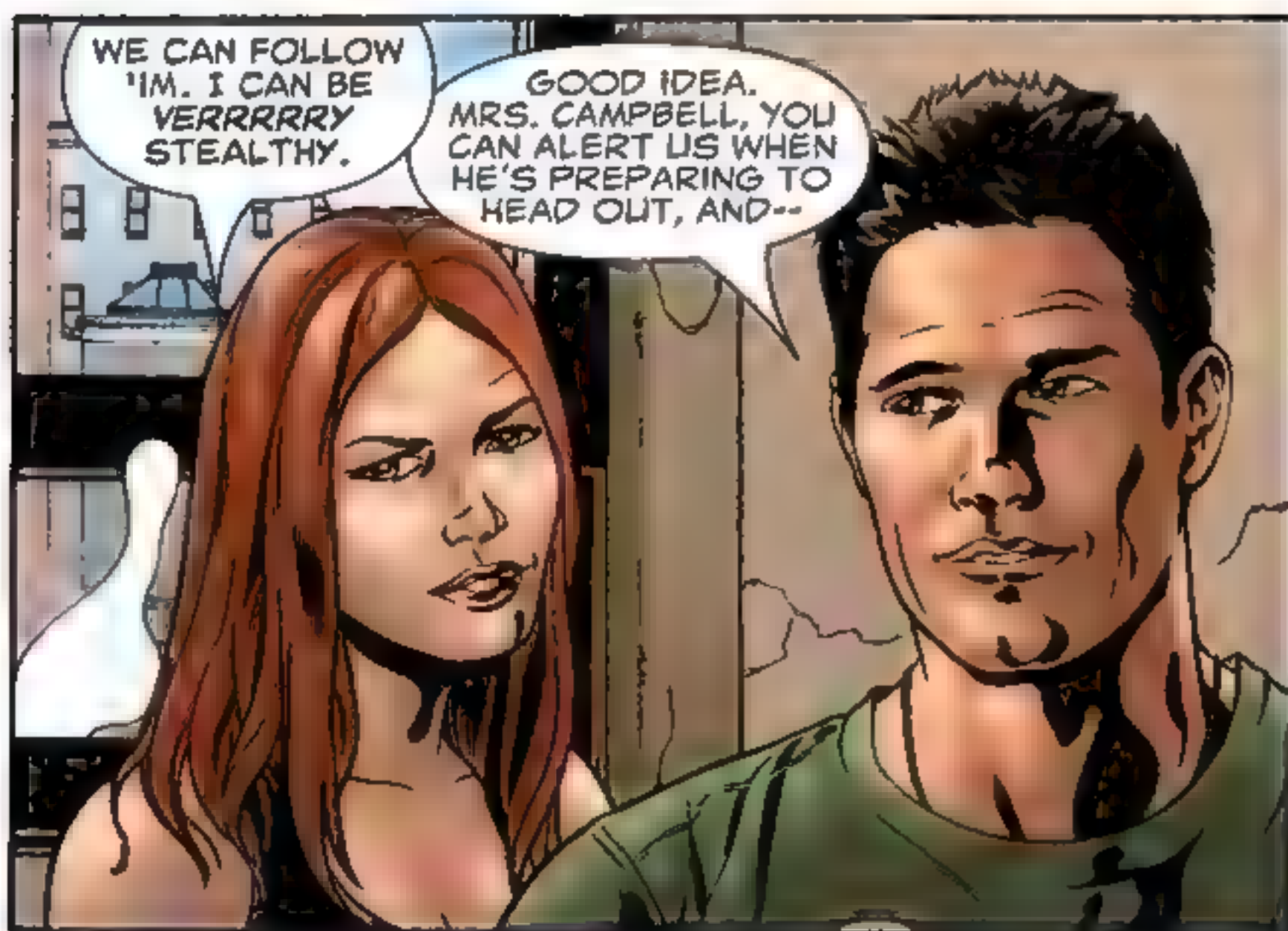
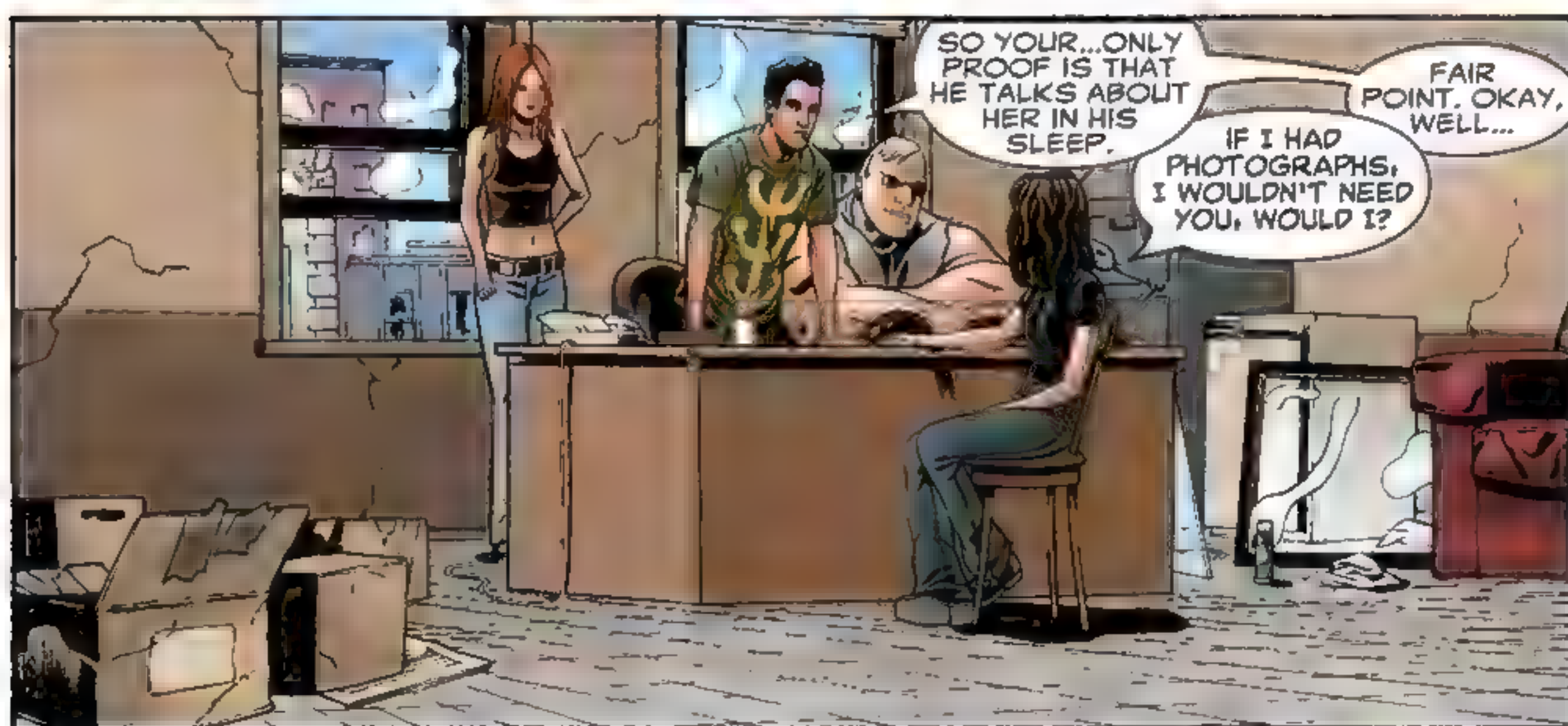
AW
CRUD.

THIS
IS THE XXX
INVESTIGATIONS.
YES?

HOW
COULD YA
TELL?

MAYBE
SHE'S
DYSLEXIC.





CHICAGO

STRINGER AND I MET BACK IN MY X-FACTOR DAYS, AND WE'VE KEPT IN TOUCH...WELL, I HAVE WITH HIM. HIM, HE'S ALWAYS AFRAID I'LL "OUT" HIM.

I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT, BEING SO AFRAID OF WHAT PEOPLE MIGHT THINK OF YOU THAT YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR TRUE NATURE UNDER WRAPS.

THEN AGAIN, WHEN YOU HAVE IT IN YOUR POWER TO NEVER BE ALONE, FEARS OF BEING SHUNNED AREN'T A BIG PRIORITY.

I EXPLAIN TO HIM ABOUT MY REABSORBING MY STABBED, WAYWARD DUPE, AND GETTING FLASHES OF CHICAGO-RELATED IMAGES FROM HIS DYING MIND.

IMAGES INCLUDING A WOMAN FROM A MAY 24TH TRIBUNE CLIPPING.

STRINGER'S SYMPATHY IS BOUNDLESS.

LIKE I CARE ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS.

YOU PROBABLY COULD'VE PULLED THIS UP FROM THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

NOT WILD ABOUT LIBRARIES. Y'NEVER KNOW IF THE FBI'S WATCHING.

CRIPES, AND I THOUGHT I WAS PARANOID.

THEY USED TO CALL THE FILE ROOM "THE MORGUE," YOU KNOW. YOU'D RUSTLE THROUGH MANILA FOLDERS STUFFED WITH ANCIENT CLIPPINGS.

IT SMELLED OF NEWS IN HERE.

NOW IT SMELLS OF PINESOL AND THIS SCREEN GIVES ME A HEADACHE. HOW IS THAT PROGRESS?



STRINGER PRETENDS HE'S A CYNIC. THAT'S OKAY. IT'S HOW HE DISGUISES HIS BASIC OPTIMISM.

I CAN RELATE. I MAKE JOKE, CRACK WISE, GRIN LIKE A FOOL.

BEST WAY TO COVER TOTAL DESPAIR.



I CAN LIVE ANY LIFE I WANT. GO IN ANY DIRECTION, FOLLOW ALL POTENTIAL FATES S MULTANEOUSLY.

BUT IF EVERYTHING'S POSS BLE...THEN WHAT'S THE POINT OF ANYTHING? IT'S ALL...



THERE SHE IS! STOP!

THAT'S THE PHOTO I SAW! THE CLIPPING!

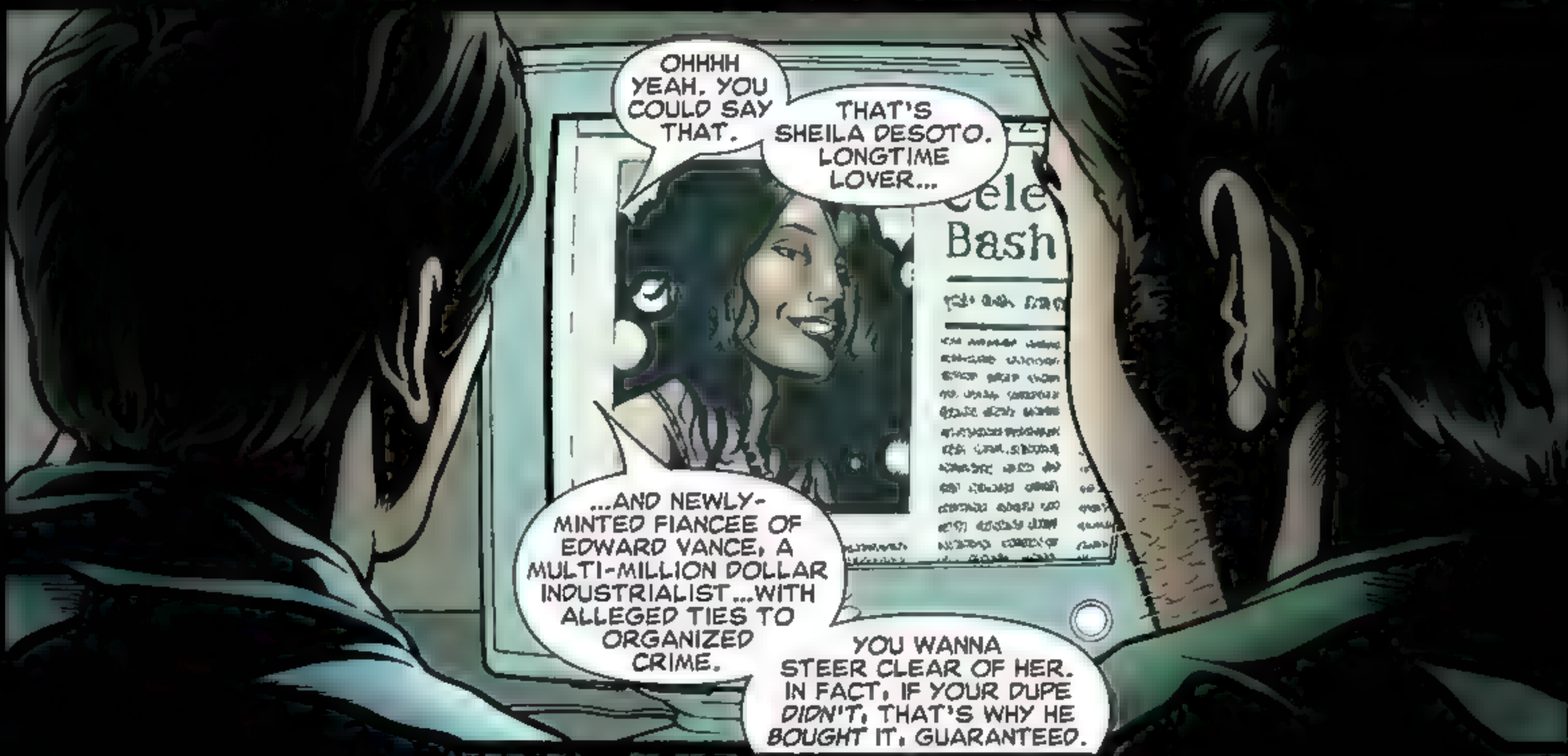


ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

NOPE.

TELL ME YOU'RE KIDDING ME!

YOU KNOW HER?



OHhhh YEAH. YOU COULD SAY THAT.

THAT'S SHEILA DESOTO. LONGTIME LOVER...

...AND NEWLY-MINTED FIANCEE OF EDWARD VANCE, A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRIALIST...WITH ALLEGED TIES TO ORGANIZED CRIME.

YOU WANNA STEER CLEAR OF HER. IN FACT, IF YOUR DUPE DIDN'T, THAT'S WHY HE BOUGHT IT, GUARANTEED.



SAYS HERE MAY 24TH WAS
HER BIRTHDAY PARTY.
APPARENTLY IT WAS A
HUGE BASH.

NO SHOCK
THERE. EDDIE VANCE
INVITES YOU, YOU COME
RUNNING NO MATTER
WHO YOU ARE.

HOW'D
YOUR DUPE
GET TO KNOW
HER?

NO
CLUE.

SOME
DETECTIVE.

IF I
KNEW, I'D
HAVE NOTHING
TO DETECT.

PRINT
ME A COPY,
WOULD'JA?



DO YOU
KNOW WHERE
SHE LIVES?

EVERYBODY
KNOWS WHERE SHE
LIVES: IN VANCE'S GATED
MANSION ON RIVERSIDE.
YOU'LL NEVER
GET IN.



I STUDIED
WITH THE SHAOLIN
STRINGER. YOU'D BE
AMAZED WHAT
I CAN DO.

QUITE
THE HOTTIE,
ISN'T SHE.



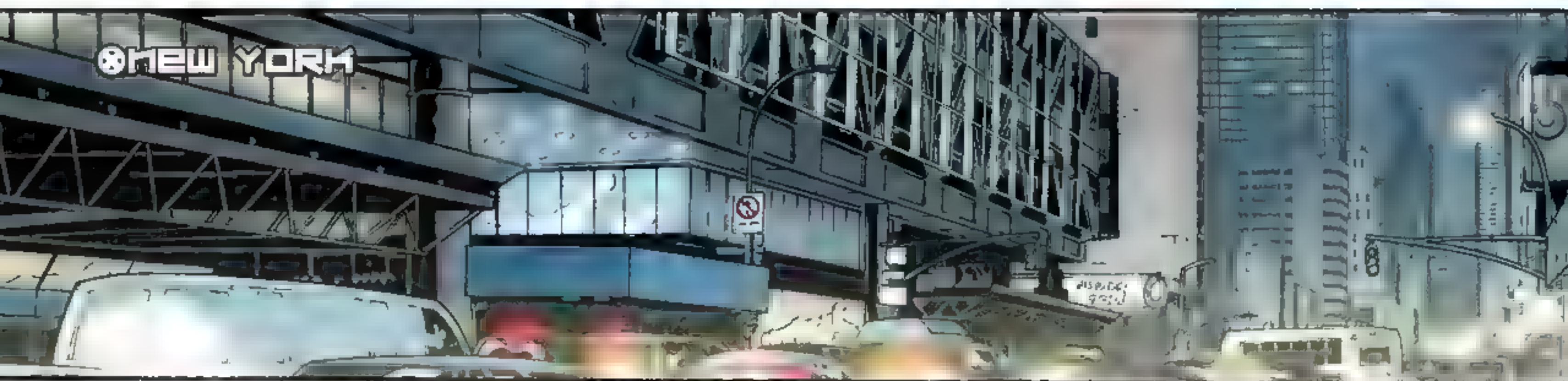
SCORCHING.
THE KIND THAT
GETS YOU KILLED,
GRASSHOPPER.

THEY
ALREADY
KILLED ME.
DIDN'T
TAKE.

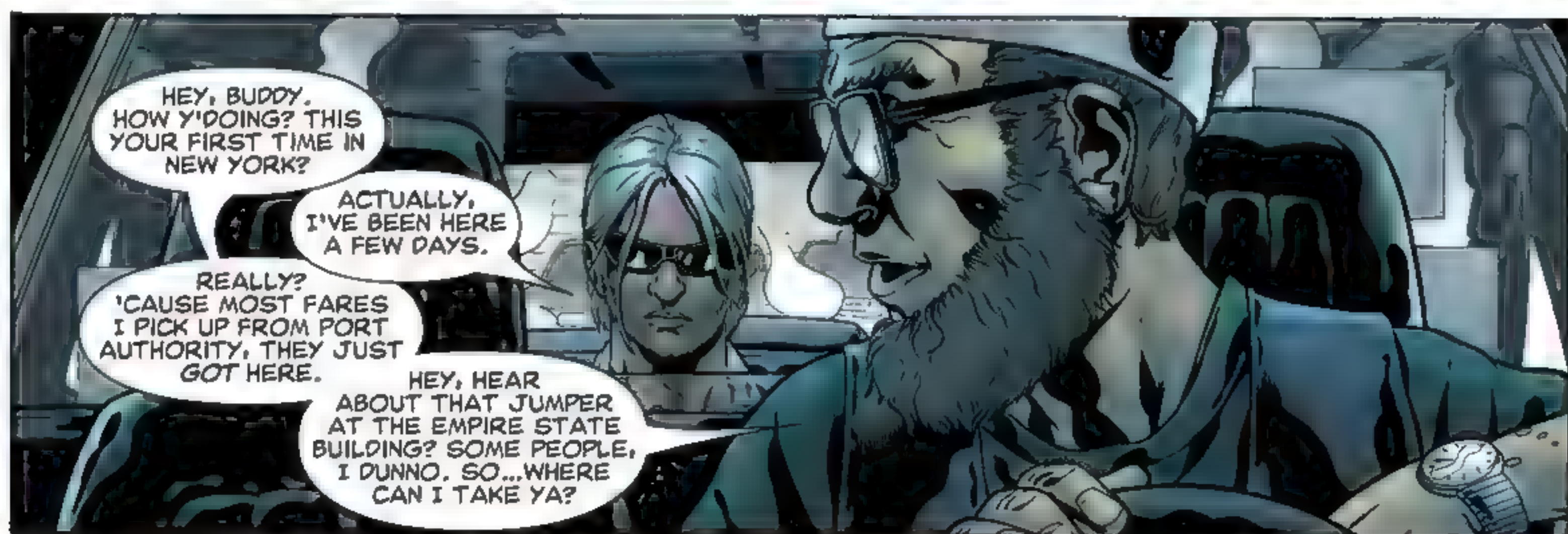
BESIDES...
LOOK AT HER.



SHE'S
DEFINITELY TO
DIE FOR.



NEW YORK

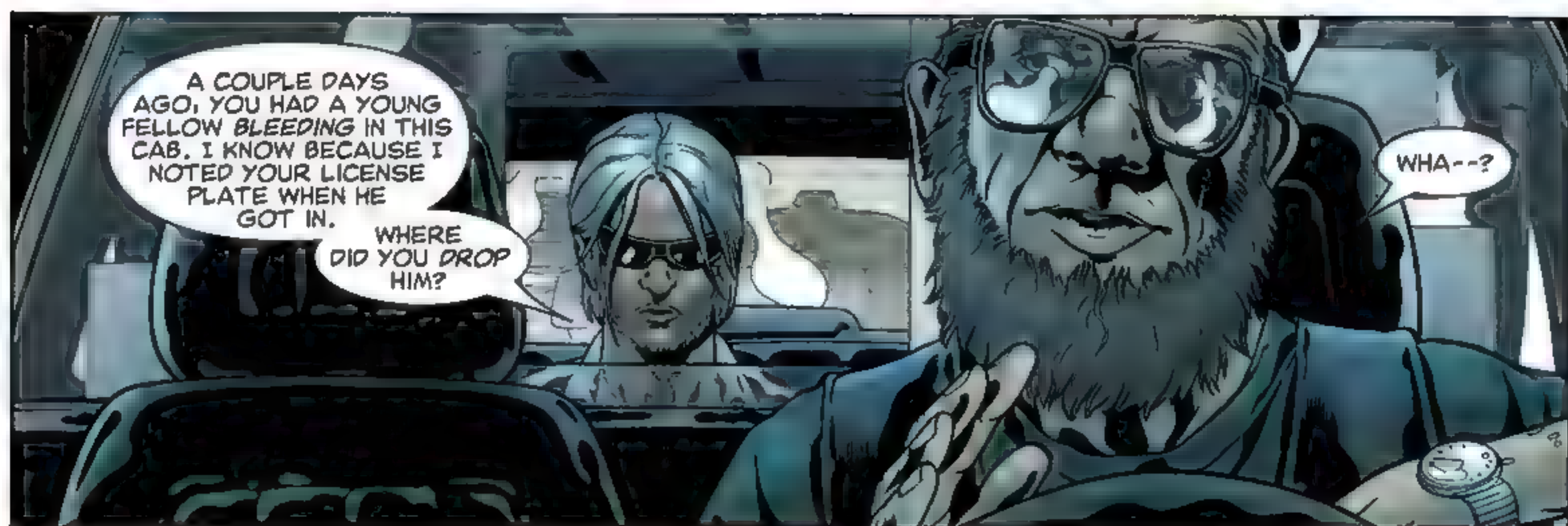


HEY, BUDDY.
HOW Y'DOING? THIS
YOUR FIRST TIME IN
NEW YORK?

ACTUALLY,
I'VE BEEN HERE
A FEW DAYS.

REALLY?
'CAUSE MOST FARES
I PICK UP FROM PORT
AUTHORITY, THEY JUST
GOT HERE.

HEY, HEAR
ABOUT THAT JUMPER
AT THE EMPIRE STATE
BUILDING? SOME PEOPLE,
I DUNNO. SO...WHERE
CAN I TAKE YA?



A COUPLE DAYS
AGO, YOU HAD A YOUNG
FELLOW BLEEDING IN THIS
CAB. I KNOW BECAUSE I
NOTED YOUR LICENSE
PLATE WHEN HE
GOT IN.

WHERE
DID YOU DROP
HIM?

WHA--?



OH,
NO WAY.
NO FREAKIN'
WAY.

I WAS GLAD
ENOUGH TO GET RIDDA
THAT GUY. SO IF YOU THINK
I'M GONNA LET MYSELF GET
DRAGGED ANY MORE INTO
THIS MESS, YOU'RE--



--A
REAAAAALLY
GOOD
GUESSER.

I HEAR TELL THIS IS THE NICEST HOUSE IN CHICAGO.

IT'S NICE TO KNOW I'VE GOT SUCH GOOD TASTE. OR AT LEAST, MY DUPE HAD.

I'D FEEL BETTER ABOUT IT IF MY DUPES WEREN'T SO UNPREDICTABLE LATELY.

THEY'VE DEVELOPED INDEPENDENT STREAKS BEFORE...

BUT SOME OF THEM ARE HITTING NEW HEIGHTS OF ERRATIC BEHAVIOR.

WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP

I CAN'T SAY I APPROVE OF THIS. IT'S TRESPASSING.

FRANKLY, IF ONE OF US WAS HAVING IT OFF WITH ANOTHER MAN'S GIRL, HE DESERVES WHAT HE GETS.

YOU ARE SUCH A FREAKIN' WUSS! HE WAS ONE OF US! THEY SEND ONE OF OURS TO THE MORGUE, WE SEND ONE OF THEIRS TO THE FREAKIN' CORNFIELD. THAT'S THE CHICAGO WAY!

AND YET, DOES NOT AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF VIOLENCE ACCOMPLISH NOTHING EXCEPT ITS OWN PERPETUATION?

IS ANYTHING GOOD ON TV TONIGHT?

GUYS! I'M DOING THIS NO MATTER WHAT!

NOW I CAN EITHER KEEP MAKING NEW DUPES UNTIL I GET FIVE COOPERATIVE ONES, OR YOU CAN SAVE ME SOME TIME, OKAY?

WOLVERINE DOESN'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS.

NOT SPIDER-MAN NEITHER.

THE HULK, KINDA SORTA, BUT EVEN SO...

I REABSORB THE DUPES BEFORE I DROP DOWN INTO THE YARD. THIS BUNCH WAS PRETTY CONTENTIOUS.

FOR ALL I KNOW, LEFT ON THEIR OWN, ONE OF 'EM WOULD HAVE FELT MORALLY OBLIGATED TO ALERT VANCE'S PEOPLE THAT I'M HERE.

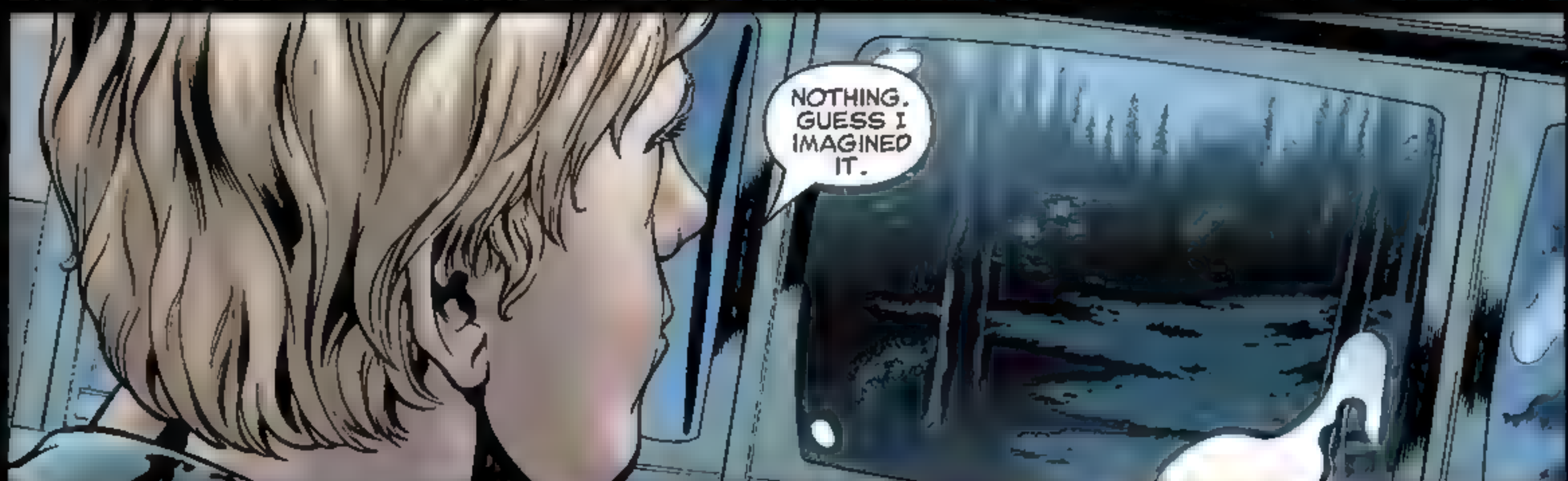
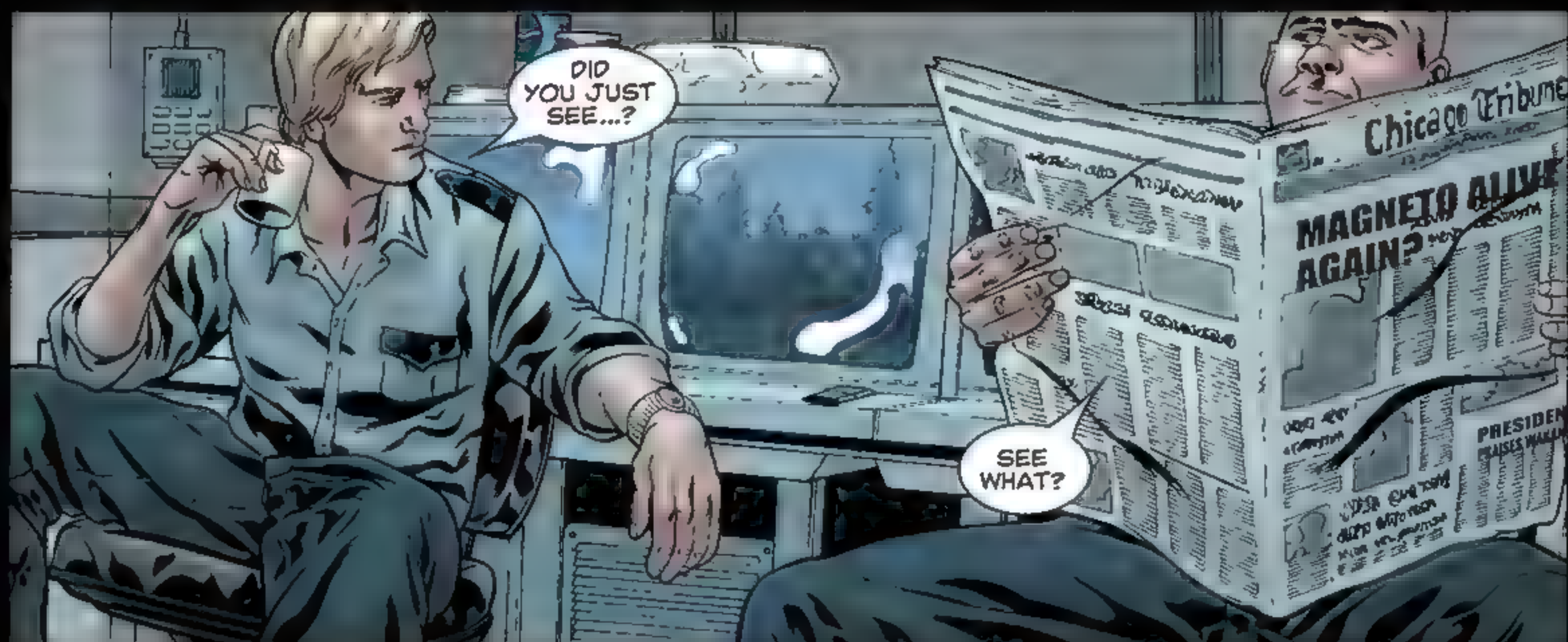
YOU'D THINK I, OF ALL PEOPLE, COULD TRUST MYSELF TO COVER MY OWN BACK.

UH-OH. FIGURES.

SURVEILLANCE. AND I'LL BET IT'S NOT THE ONLY ONE.

FORTUNATELY, I WASN'T JUST BLOWING SMOKE ABOUT THE SHAOLIN THING. IF HAVING DUPES ARGUING WITH EACH OTHER IS THE DOWNSIDE OF ABSORBING DIFFERENT MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES FROM MY LONG-TERM "EXPLORER" DUPES...

...THE ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE IS A DEFINITE PLUS.





UP. TO
DIE FOR

BEAT. HEART, BEAT.
LUNGS...START
BREATHING AGAIN.

OKAY...THAT
WAS CLOSE.

NOW...
WHAT WOULD
BOGIE DO?



NICE NIGHT
FOR A SWIM, EH,
GORGEIOUS?

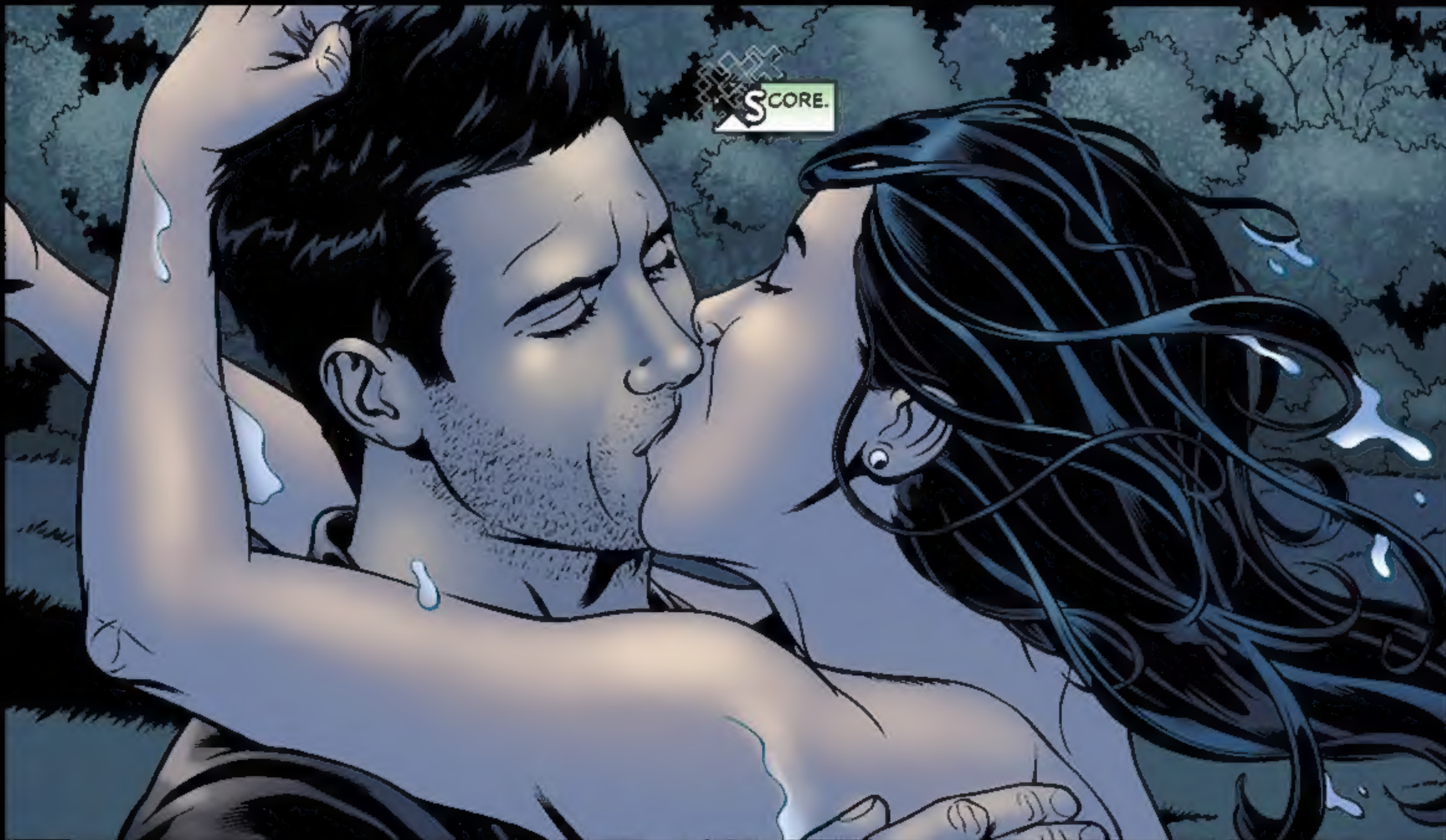
WHA--?



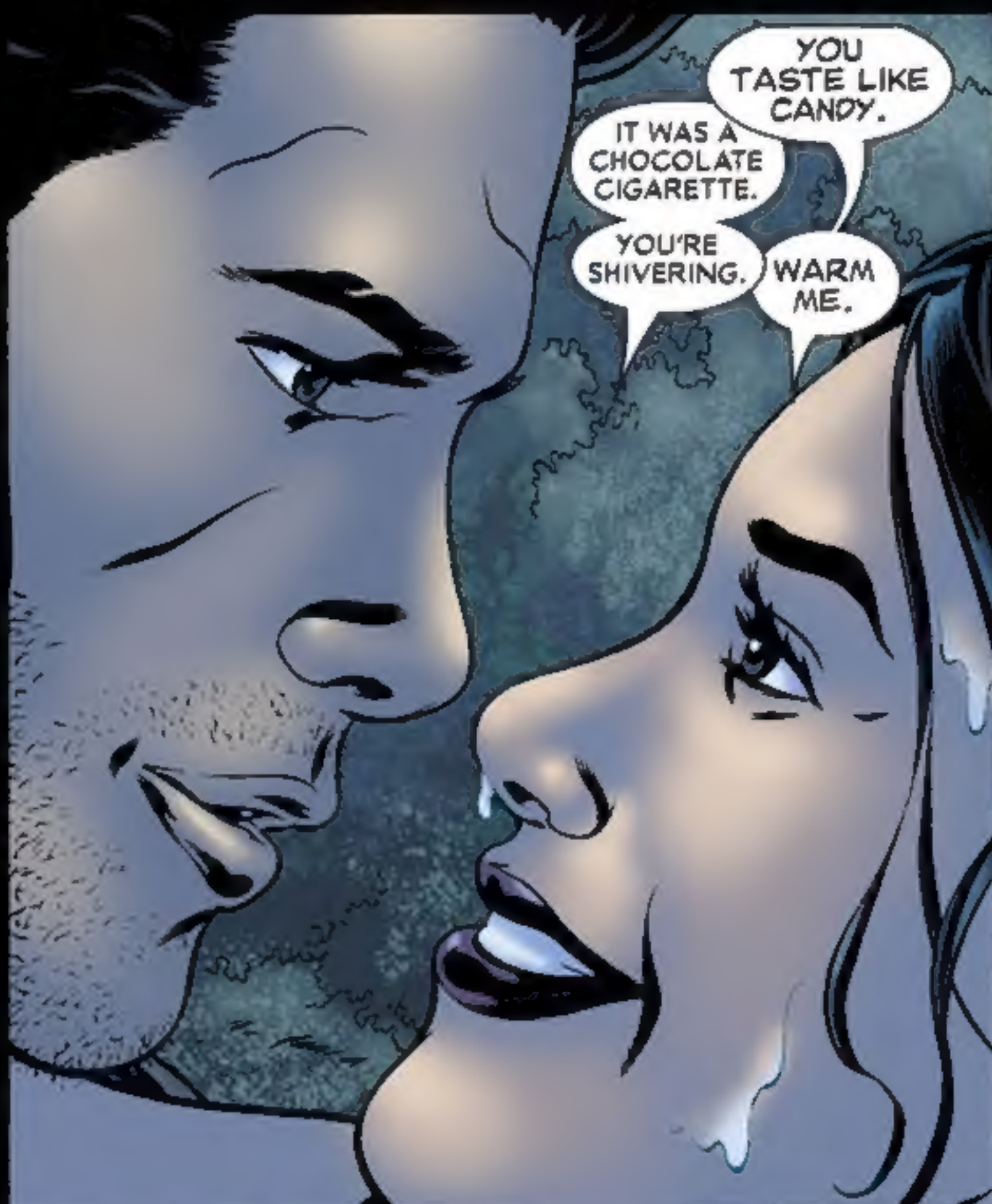
JAMES!!!



OH,
THANK
GOD!



SCORE.



YOU
TASTE LIKE
CANDY.

IT WAS A
CHOCOLATE
CIGARETTE.

YOU'RE
SHIVERING.

WARM
ME.



I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO
IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.

AND I
ABSOLUTELY
COULD NOT
CARE LESS.







ERGOZOOM

LOST
WITHOUT
TRACE

ARCHANGEL

G85

EMPIRE

DANGERPOWERS

NEVRRWHERE

CYPHER

ZONE

NEXT

THE GROUP

MEGAN

FAWKES

KINGPIN - EMPIRE

72